

The Evening World

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THE BATTLE IN THE NINTH.

This is the day of battle in the Assembly districts. Another Cressy, writing of the world's decisive political contests, will single out the engagement in the Ninth for especial notice.

Not till the sun is low to-night on this local Linden shall we know the result, so fierce is the fray. Devery, as we infer from his burst of confidence in The World, is confident of victory and "resting on his laurels." He challenges Napoleonic notions of a star of destiny shining favorably upon him. But he has fortified his faith in himself with works the like of which was never seen in a political contest of the kind.

No such spectacular district campaign has before been attempted, or one in which the usual artifices of campaign management were diversified by so many vaudeville features. We must credit Devery with the parentage of the "souvenirs for voters" idea, an idea capable of great development. It has already been improved upon in Chicago, where a distribution of silk dresses for voters' wives rather exceeds the Devery limit. A silk dress may win a vote where a ton of coal in a widow's bin only half persuades. The souvenir is to a purchaser, but reluctant voter what a progressive euche prize is to a squeamish gambler. It is pretty certain to prove exceedingly popular in politics. This is not to say, however, that it will ever take precedence in popularity over spot cash in the Ninth.

THE FISH TROAGEDY.

The murderous assault on Banker Nicholas Fish while he was drinking in a saloon in the company of two women will give society a shock of a kind it has not had since Broker Hatch leaped to his death from the rear window of a West Twentieth street dwelling. The sensational tragedies have features in common. The latest, even more than the other, now almost forgotten, points a moral for those of good standing socially who in seeking unworthy associates count upon the sheltering secrecy of a great city to veil their double lives from publicity. Scandal will out, as well as murder, and when the revelation comes and brings reproach on a proud name it is an occasion for sorrow as much as for gossip.

Quite apart from considerations of morality, persons taking such chances are in constant jeopardy of discovery and exposure. They will congratulate themselves on reading of the Fish assault that their time has not come and that the bolt which strikes others will miss them. So they will persist in their course. A warning such as this tragedy conveys is usually lost on those to whom it should be of especial application.

THE VISITINO FIREMEN.

Of the strangers within our gates this week there are surely none so welcome as the fire chiefs now meeting here in annual convention. There are none likely to receive a warmer exhibition of hospitality. For the rank and file of the service any words of laudation for bravery or devotion to duty are as unnecessary as for soldiers or sailors, with whom they compare in person. Such praise is equally unnecessary for their chiefs, experienced in the face of danger inseparable from fire-fighting and in that difficult phase of executive ability, the successful management of a conflagration. Many a military and naval reputation has been established by qualities of head work and courage shown in battle in no way superior to those displayed by fire chiefs in the ordinary line of duty.

There are among these visiting chiefs some whose memories hark back to old hand-engine days. Chief Eaton, of Hartford, can recall the time when he first helped to man the brakes, half a century ago. John S. Danrell has vivid recollections of the great fire in Boston in the early seventies. There are good stories in abundance when these good fellows get together. The more they talk shop the more interesting they are.

THE NIOHTHAWK'S CHANCE.

Justice Stockler's denial of a restaurant keeper's right to the exclusive privilege of maintaining cab or carriage stands in front of his place of business is a reminder that the streets belong to the public, though a New Yorker has frequent occasion to doubt it.

The decision is the nighthawk cabby's magna charta and the indications are that he is preparing to make the most of it. It puts him on an equal footing with his rival, the "regular," against whom he has long cherished ill will, and there are prospects of war. Some hotel-keepers, fearing the pirate raids of rakish craft on the elegant equipages of the liverymen to whom they have sold privilege, are asking police assistance. Perhaps the public may profit from the war through a cut in rates.

FINGER-BOWL FLORICULTURE.

As the swan sings sweetest as he dies, so the expiring season at Newport is producing its greatest triumphs in that art of society arts, the giving of a dinner. The presence of the Grand Duke Boris has been the occasion for an elaborate display of hospitality of this kind which reached its culmination in the social dinner parties given Sunday and Monday by Mrs. Ogden Golet and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. At each the noble Russian sat in the seat of honor and it is presumed was served first. Where the Duke sits is the head of the table, even though an English Duchess be present, and the lesson taught last week regarding precedence has not been lost.

From the accounts we should judge that Mrs. Golet's was the more recherche affair except in one particular. The gold plate cutlery Mrs. Fish's, its royal hall mark attesting its superiority of goldsmithing. There were not so many guests, only thirty-six as against fifty-two, the menu was simpler, and therein perhaps more elegant. Everything was in perfect taste and nothing marred the harmony of the occasion. The housekeeper refrained from taking her fatal plunge in the elevator shaft till it was over.

But note a finishing touch of elegance on Mrs. Fish's table. "Gardenias were used in the finger-bowls." So the correspondents inform us while saying nothing about Mrs. Golet's finger-bowls and leaving us the inference that only a conventional geranium leaf adorned them. The gardenias are evenly balanced it is a trifle, even when the scales are turned, and so it would seem that the victory should go to Mrs. Fish for her gardenias.



The Evening World's

THE FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

WHEN MOVING DAY REACHES POLICE HEADQUARTERS.



This is Artist Powers's idea of the scene that will ensue when Partridge succeeds in tearing Police Headquarters from its Mulberry street soil and transplanting it uptown. Experts cannot decide whether the move is planned for the sake of being "on the spot" or whether Inspector Cross's hypnotic eye, gleaming from the Bronx kopjes, is drawing Partridge northward.

JOKES OF OUR OWN.

PROFIT AND LOSS.

With laden purse and gladly beating heart
The farmer drives the boarders to the train.
He's made enough in three brief months to start
The hectic gold-brick industry again.

TWO AUTOS.

"In former days men longed to be famous enough to write an autobiography."
"Nowadays they merely long to be rich enough to have an automobile."

UP-TO-DATE YOUTH.

Stern Father—Johnny, you've been very naughty. I must spank you.
Johnny—Say, pa, can't you do it constructively, like in the navy manoeuvres?

SAME THING.

"I hear she said I looked at least fifty years old."
"Oh, no. She merely said you didn't look as old as you were."

BORROWED JOKES.

PLAIN ENOUGH.

Polk—I understand Mr. Basseau is a splendid singer. I never heard him sing myself.
Jolk—But you know him to speak to.
Polk—Yes, but how did you know that?
Jolk—You couldn't have gotten your information about his singing otherwise.
—Philadelphia Press.

NEW THEORY.

Mr. Cain, of Coffeyville, has applied for a divorce on the representation that his wife beats him. It is a new theory that the mark of Cain was put there by his wife.—Kansas City Star.

A SISTER'S LOT.

Geraldine—I'll be a sister to you, Gerald—That will be nice.
Geraldine—What do you mean?
Gerald—My sister loves me, but she doesn't expect me to take her anywhere.—Brooklyn Life.

A THIRD.

He—Don't you think two can live as cheaply as one?
She—Yes; but how about the cook?
Detroit Free Press.

NEEDLESS WASTE.

Knippe—They say that if you could extract the pure carbon from a piece of coal you would have a perfect diamond.
Tucque—Yes, but who wants to spoil a piece of coal just for that?—Syracuse Herald.

ENOUGH SAID.



Stranger—Hey! Did you see a policeman pass here a minute ago?
Chake—Sir! Dis vos er saloon.

NEXT WINTER.



Clerk—We've burned up the last of the diamonds in the stove.
Proprietor—Then put on a small piece of coal.

QUICK ACTION.



Brown—So that's your former employer, is it? He must be a big gun.
Jinks (who has been discharged without notice)—Yes, a rapid-fire gun.

ALL RIGHT.



Jacks (at 2 A. M.)—Hello, Mister Burglar, is that you? So glad I thought 'twas my wife.

HARD LUCK.



Easy Elkins—What's hurtin' yer feelin's, pard?
Tottering Thompson—Well, a old lady gimme a dollar an' a shock bring on palpitation o' de heart an' I gottter see a doctor, an' he'll charge me de plunk fur dopin' me well again!

THE TROUBLE BROTHERS.



They make a "hobo" wish that home-made pie had never been invented.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Can a Catholic become President of the United States, if elected? C. and D.

Concerning Partridge.

Why is it that our esteemed Mr. Partridge does not follow up each tip that is given when it is in regard to a large pool-room? When there is the least hint that there is a crap game in progress about twenty or thirty blocks away seven men are sent to that dreadful den of crime, and each equipped with a small offender in each hand, looking as proud as a cannibal king who has just eaten a missionary.
H. A. C.

Bats Off!

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I notice that the most popular time for men to leave off hats is while riding in the open cars. If all that was desired was to give the hair a thorough airing that is a good time. But two other important factors which must be remembered are sunshine and a vigorous circulation of healthy blood in the scalp. Thus the really best time to go hatless is while exercising out in the open air, such as when riding a bicycle, walking, or at work, &c., as then the blood is circulating briskly all over the body and there is no fear of catching cold.
PROGRESS.

Public Love-Making.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I wish young men and women would cease from love-making in public boats, cars and parks. It is thoroughly disgusting to travel of an evening in a car or take a sail in a boat or go through a park. You see nothing but couples flirting. I should think each man and woman could refrain from making observers sick of looking at them.
STELLA C. S.

Careless Pedestrians.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
So many people are careless in crossing the streets that I wonder they are not injured in some way or other. It is a very common sight to see pedestrians try to cross the streets, sometimes barely escaping being hit by horses' heads and cable cars. I have noticed some of those who are in such a hurry to get to work, &c., as then the blood is circulating briskly all over the body and there is no fear of catching cold.
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PROGRESS.

A Cyclist's Woe.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
As I was riding on my bicycle on University place a lady and a young girl (probably her daughter) stepped from the sidewalk to the gutter in front of my wheel. I rang my bell and almost stopped to let them pass. But the girl stepped back in front of me. The front wheel struck her and knocked her down, throwing me over the handle-bars. On getting up the lady began to scold me for not ringing my bell and said I was "racing." and threatened to have me arrested. In the excitement I forgot to ask if the girl was hurt, but the lady asked her and she said no. I want to say that I am glad she was not injured in any way and feel sorry that the accident occurred. Owing to the fact that it was the first time I rode on a bicycle in that neighborhood I felt a little nervous. I was almost blinded by some dust in a sudden gust of wind at the time and could hardly see. In being thrown over the handle-bars my nose was slightly cut, my hands bruised, my right foot wrenched at the ankle and my trousers torn. Kindly publish the above. The persons I refer to will not think badly of me, as I did my best to avert the accident. RETICENT.

9-2-5 Seconds. E. Donovan.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
What is the running record for 100 yards? Made by whom? IGNAS.

A FEW REMARKS.

The man who shudders when he spills salt on the table will send his letter by special messenger sooner than affix the new 13-cent stamp on it.

The Governor of Pennsylvania's frequent recent revolutions between this city and his own State mark him for a rolling Stone.

Sing a song of Newport! Little Willie K. Doesn't think he's treated fair. Says that he won't play:



Says when others' autos scorch Willie gets the blame,
Isn't going back again, Isn't it a shame!

Henry Watterson has placed Devery's morals ahead of those of the "400." There's a chowder and an outing awaiting Henry any time he chooses to come to New York.

By "planting" a judicious number of accident policies, Policeman O'Neill could soon wear diamonds to breakfast.

'Twas Roosevelt Day at Oyster Bay, And Nassau saw the President
From every town for miles around;
From kid to oldest resident.
They made the trip to give the grip And make his fingers ache;
So each might say with glee that they Gave Teddy R. "the shake."

Now that 1,000 Zoological Garden snakes have escaped, look out for a wholesale signing of pledges in the Bronx; while the less bibulous contingent of puma-veterans revel in the calm joys or reptile hunting.

Plebeian straw and Panama.

That blossomed forth last May,



Bought desecrated innocuous For eight months yesterday.

Devery "doesn't want to move" in the 400. He doesn't even care to touch on nor appertain to it.

Two men accused of robbing a poor-box have been captured after a struggle. A whole lot of men who have put coal and beef above the reach of the poor are still at large, and not even a "stage struggle" has been visible to the naked eye.

The Isthmian rebels' plan to grab a canal and peddle it to Uncle Sam for \$40,000,000 casts New York's erstwhile memorable canal scandal and Ramapo deal so far into the shade that even a searchlight could not discover them.

If he keeps on refusing dinner invitations at this rate, what an edge Boris will have on his appetite by the time he sights Russia!

ODDITY CORNER.

GLYPHICS.

On a carved stone found in Southern Arabia appear hieroglyphics which are stated to be the work of the Sabaeen race, who are regarded as the builders of the ancient ruins of Rhodesia. The stone is now in the museum at Bulawayo.

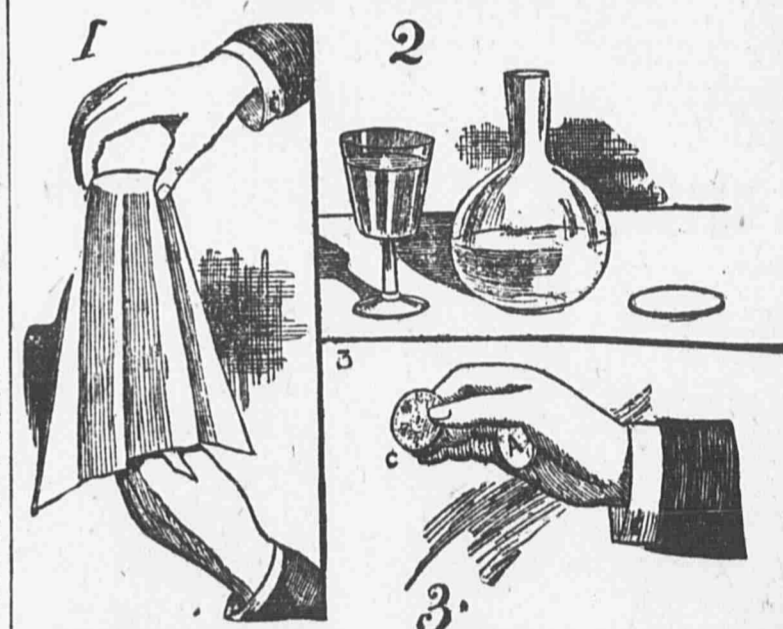
OLD.

A fragment of a calendar, the earliest piece of Gutenberg's printing that can be proved, has been discovered at Wiesbaden. The astronomical calculations show that it was intended for the first four months of the year 1448.

EAGLES.

Although the golden eagle has disappeared from Wales, white-tailed eagles are still to be found in North Wales and Shropshire.

THE DISAPPEARING COIN.



The performer takes a large coin, marks it before the eyes of the audience, and asks somebody to hold the coin and handkerchief over a glass filled with water (Fig. 1). Stepping back a few paces he asks the person holding glass and coin to let the coin drop into the glass. Then he removes the handkerchief and the coin cannot be found in the glass. The performer claims that the coin must be in somebody's pocket, &c., and stepping up to some one pulls it out of his hiding place and shows it to the audience. To perform this trick provide yourself with a round piece of glass (Figs. 2 and 3A) and a piece of thin rubber band, on one end of which a hook made of a pin is fastened, while on the other one a small piece of wax is stuck.

SNOWBALLS BROUGHT WATER.

"Speaking of drinking water," said one of a group of men waiting for the shower to pass over, "the best I ever drank was on my uncle's farm down in Brown County," says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

"We lived on top of a clay hill and had a well very deep, sixty feet, I reckon; but it never had any water in it until ten years ago. A heavy snow fell that winter and he filled the well with snowballs. He rolled up balls until they were large enough to go into the well cleverly, and then dumped them in until it was packed to the top. They were packed so closely that they did not melt until late the following summer, but when they did they produced a supply of water I never saw surpassed for purity, softness or coolness. It was delicious.

"Strange to say, this well, always dry before, has produced a plentiful supply since. The water, while not as good as that from the snowballs, is still excellent and celebrated throughout the neighborhood."

1,000 VOLCANOES.

Since the disasters in Martinique and St. Vincent somebody has taken the trouble to count up the world's volcanoes. The total is about 1,000, of which 325 are still classed as active. "Extinct" volcanoes, however, are suspect. After the destruction of Pompeii, Vesuvius lay quiescent for three centuries.

CAN YOU DO THIS?



Lie on your back, straighten your feet, pull them back over the head, keeping them straight, push them forward and up into the air, alighting on the feet.

FREAK PRICES.

Japanese coal costs about \$6 a ton at Vladivostok, while Cardiff coal costs more than \$20 a ton.